

PRABODHA BHARATA

OR

Awakened India

उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत प्राप्य वरान्निबोधत ।

Arise ! Awake ! and stop not till the goal is reached

Katha. Upa. I. iii 4

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SRI RAMAKRISHNA'S TEACHINGS

KAMINI KANCHANA : THEIR CONQUEST—II

ONE day a Marwari gentleman came to Sri Ramakrishna and asked permission to present him several thousand rupees to meet any expenditure that might arise now and then. But Sri Ramakrishna had nothing but stern refusal for the well-meant offer. He said, "I would have nothing to do with your money, for if I accept it the mind would always be on it."

Then the gentleman proposed to invest the money in the name of one of Sri Ramakrishna's relatives to meet the same purpose. To which he replied, "No, it would be double-dealing. Moreover, it would always hang on my mind that I have kept my money with so and so."

But the Marwari still persisted in his proposal quoting one of Sri Ramakrishna's own sayings, "If the mind be like oil it would float over the water of woman and wealth."

He said:—"It is true, but if the oil floats on water for a considerable length of time, the surface of contact gets putrified; so even if the mind floats on the water of woman and wealth, the continuous contact for a long period would surely tend towards vitiation and give out a stinking odour"

A DISCIPLE once asked Sri Ramakrishna how to conquer lust, for though he passed his life in religious contemplation, yet evil thoughts did arise in his mind now and then. The Bhagavan replied:—"There was a man who had a pet dog. He used to caress him, carry him about in his arms, play with him and kiss him. A wise man seeing his folly told him not to give so much indulgence to his dog. It was an unreasoning brute after all and might bite him one of these days. The owner of the dog took the advice to heart and throwing away the dog from his lap, resolved never again to fondle or caress him. But the dog would not understand the changed feelings of his master and would run to him frequently to be taken up and caressed. Being beaten several times, the dog at last desisted from troubling his master. Such is your condition also. The dog that you have cherished so long in your bosom will not easily leave you though you may wish to get rid of him. However there is no harm in it. Do not caress the dog any more, but give him a good beating whenever he approaches you to be fondled, and in course of time you will be freed altogether from his importunities."

WHAT IS RELIGION?

(Condensed from a lecture delivered by Swami Vivekananda in New York).

A HUGE locomotive has rushed on over the line and a small worm that was creeping upon one of the rails saved its life by crawling out of the path of the locomotive. Yet this little worm so insignificant that it can be crushed in a moment is a living something, while this locomotive, so huge, so immense, is only an engine, a machine. You say the one has life and the other is only dead matter and all its power and strength and speed are only those of a dead machine, a mechanical contrivance. Yet the poor little worm that moved upon the rail and which the least touch of the engine would have deprived of life, is a majestic being compared to that huge locomotive. It is a small part of the. Infinite and therefore it is greater than this powerful engine. Why that should be so? How do we know the living from the dead? The machine performs all the movements automatically the maker made it to perform, its movements are not those of life but of an automaton. How can we make the distinction between the living and the dead, then? In the living there is freedom, there is intelligence; in the dead all is bound and no freedom is possible because there is no intelligence. This freedom that distinguishes us from mere machines is what we are all striving for. To be more free is the goal of all our efforts, for only in perfect freedom can there be perfection. This effort to attain freedom underlies all forms of worship, whether we know it or not.

If we were to examine all over the world, in every sort of worshipping we should see that the rudest of mankind are worshipping

ghosts, demons and terrible spirits of their forefathers. Serpent worship, tribal worship and worship of the departed ones of the universe, why do they do this? Because they feel that in some unknown way these beings are greater, more powerful than themselves, therefore they limit their freedom, and seek to propitiate these forces in order to prevent them from molesting them, in other words, to get more freedom. They also seek to win favor from these superior beings, to get by gift of the gods what ought to be earned by personal effort.

On the whole, this shows that the world is expecting a miracle. This expectation never leaves us, and however we may try, we are all running after the miraculous and extraordinary. What is mind but that ceaseless inquiry into the meaning and mystery of life? We may say that only uncultivated people are going after all these things, but the question still is there, why should it be so? The Jews were asking for a miracle. The whole world has been asking for the same these thousands of years. There is again the universal dissatisfaction; we make an ideal but we have rushed only half the way after it, when we make a newer one. We struggle hard to attain to some goal and then discover we do not want it. This dissatisfaction we are having time after time, and what is there in the mind if there is to be only dissatisfaction? What is the meaning of this universal dissatisfaction? It is because freedom is ever man's goal. He seeks it ever, his whole life is a struggle after it. The child rebels against law as soon as it is born. Its first utterance is a cry, a

protest against the bondage in which it finds itself. This longing for freedom produces the idea of a Being who is absolutely free. The concept of God is a fundamental element in the human constitution. In the Vedanta, *Satchidananda* (Existence-Knowledge-Bliss) is the highest concept of God possible to the mind. It is the essence of knowledge and is by its nature the essence of bliss. We have been stifling that inner voice long enough, seeking to follow law and quiet the human nature, but there is that human instinct to rebel against nature's laws. We may not understand what the meaning is, but there is that unconscious struggle of the human with the spiritual, of the lower with the higher mind, and the struggle attempts to preserve one's separate life, what we call our 'individuality'.

Even hells stand out with this miraculous fact that we are born rebels and the first fact of life, the intruding of life itself,—against this we rebel and cry out, "No law for us." As long as we obey the laws we are like machines, and on goes the universe and we cannot break it. Laws as laws become man's nature. The first inkling of life on its higher levels is in seeing this struggle within us to break the bond of nature and to be free. "Freedom, Oh Freedom! Freedom, Oh Freedom!" is the song of the soul. Bondage, alas, to be bound in nature seems its fate.

Why should there be serpent, or ghost, or demon worship and all these various creeds and forms for gaining miracles? Why do we say that there is life, there is being in anything? There must be a meaning in all this search, this endeavour to understand life, to explain being. It is not meaningless and vain. It is man's ceaseless endeavour to become free. The knowledge which we now call science has been struggling for thousands of years in its attempt to gain freedom and people ask for freedom. Yet there is no

freedom in nature. It is all law. Still the struggle goes on. Nay, the whole of nature from the very sun to the atoms is under law, and even for man there is no freedom. But we cannot believe it. We have been studying laws from the beginning and yet cannot,—nay will not, believe that man is under law. The soul cries ever, "Freedom, Oh Freedom!" With the conception of God as a perfectly free Being man cannot rest eternally in this bondage. Higher he must go and unless the struggle were for himself he would think it too severe. Man says to himself, "I am a born slave, I am bound, nevertheless, there is a Being who is not bound by nature. He is free and Master of nature." The conception of God, therefore, is as essential and as fundamental a part of mind as is the idea of bondage. Both are the outcome of the idea of Freedom. There cannot be life, even in the plant, without the idea of freedom. In the plant or in the worm, life has to rise to the individual concept. It is there, unconsciously working, the plant living its life to preserve the variety, principle, or form, not nature. The idea of nature controlling every step onward overrules the idea of freedom. Onward goes the idea of the material world, onward moves the idea of freedom. Still the fight goes on. We are hearing about all the quarrels of creeds and sects, yet creeds and sects are just and proper, they must be there. The chain is lengthening and naturally the struggle increases, but there need be no quarrels if we only knew that we are all striving to reach the same goal.

The embodiment of freedom, the Master of nature is what we call God. You cannot deny Him. No, because you cannot remove or live without the idea of freedom. Would you come here if you did not believe you are free? It is quite possible that the biologist can and will give some explanation of this

perpetual effort to be free. Take all that for granted, still the idea of freedom is there. It is a fact, as much so as the other fact that you cannot apparently get over, the fact of being under nature.

Bondage and liberty, light and shadow, good and evil must be there, but every fact of the bondage shows also this freedom hidden there. If one is a fact the other is equally a fact. There must be this idea of freedom. While now we cannot see that this idea of bondage in uncultivated man is his struggle for freedom, yet the idea of freedom is there. The bondage of sin and impurity in the uncultivated savage is to his consciousness very small, for his nature is only a little higher than the animal. What he struggles against is the bondage of physical nature, the lack of physical gratification, but out of this lower consciousness grows and broadens the higher conception of a mental or moral bondage and a longing for spiritual freedom. Here we see the divine dimly shining through the veil of ignorance. The veil is very dense at first and the light may be almost obscured, but it is there, ever pure and undimmed,—the radiant fire of freedom and perfection. Maa

personifies this as the Ruler of the Universe, the One Free Being. He does not yet know that the universe is all one, that the difference is only in degree, in the concept.

The whole of nature is worship of God. Wherever there is life there is but this search for freedom and that freedom is the same as God. Necessarily this freedom gives us mastery over all nature and is impossible without knowledge. The more we are knowing, the more we are becoming masters of nature. Mastery alone is making us strong and if there be some being entirely free and master of nature that being must have a perfect knowledge of nature, must be omnipresent and omniscient. Freedom must go hand in hand with these, and that being alone who has acquired these will be beyond nature.

Blessedness, eternal peace arising from perfect freedom, is the highest concept of religion, underlying all the ideas of God in Vedanta,—absolutely free Existence, not bound by anything, no change, no nature, nothing that can produce a change in Him. This same freedom is in you and in me and is the only real freedom.

(To be continued.)

FREEDOM

IF we study the world's history, from the remotest times to the present day, from the age of lowest barbarism to the present age of culture and refinement with a view to find out the motive power which started and carried man through all the struggles for progress and development in their various phases and stages, we shall find that the real impulse of all advancement lay in his desire for freedom, conscious or un-

conscious. Freedom is the paramount factor in all civilization and enlightenment, the mainspring of all effort whether it be for the expression of the lowest or the highest intelligence. It is true that man in his different stages of growth, will have different ideals of freedom, but that ideal is always the incentive impelling him onward. Take the savage tribes such as the North American Indians, for instance. It is seen that

their mode of life and habits are the natural outcome of their idea of freedom. The Indian's ideal in life is probably a large free country abounding with buffaloes, wild horses, and all kinds of game, so dear to his hunter heart, all of which is amplified in his belief in a "happy hunting ground" after death. So, his desire has developed in him agility, fortitude, endurance, courage, cunning,—qualities essential to enable him to withstand his enemies in war, and to overcome the natural obstacles of his environments and make them subservient to his use.

But the Indian's idea of freedom may often mean the infringement on the freedom of others, the power to usurp the rights of others in accordance with his desires. What means freedom to the stronger tribe often means servitude or destruction to the weaker. And the same principle applies to the individual. The women as the weaker sex, were the slaves of the men. Man's pride was to be a warrior and hunter; any other work was thought menial and derogatory. All drudgery was done by his wife; the game he killed, she must prepare and serve to her lord. Yet even in this crude state, it was found that unrestricted individual freedom could not be, and certain laws became inevitable for the welfare of the whole.

Wherever man has lived and suffered, we see the expression of the desire for freedom. The early history of Europe is one series of struggles for that ideal. It was that spirit that animated Leonidas and his 300 Spartans and 700 Thespians when for hours and hours they held the pass of Thermopylæ against the onrush

of the Persian thousands: love of freedom transformed men into demons of war. Although, overwhelmed by the enemies' numbers on every side, they scorned surrender, but struck and killed as long as an arm could wield a weapon. There they all died, sacrificing their lives on the altar of their country's freedom. A monument was erected on the spot where these immortals made their last stand, but the rocks of Thermopylæ and their eternal deeds are the real monument. At another time, when Greece appeared hopelessly crushed by the overwhelming power of the Turks, Marcos Buzaris called for a number of men who would be willing to go and die for their country. He and his little band attacked the Turks at midnight, and made the impossible possible by gaining a victory. Marcos Buzaris fell, but the deed was done, Greece was free; the hero's name became immortal, and another star shone forth in the firmament of freedom to illumine the oppressed of future ages. How different was the Greece of that day to the Greece of to-day. Well might Lord Byron say,

"Oh where is the spirit of yore,

'Tis Greece, 'tis living Greece no more."

In all these deeds at which man stands awed and amazed, we see the working of the spirit of freedom. The most striking example of its power expressed in a whole people, was seen in the French Revolution. The despised rabble whom the aristocrats had crushed and humiliated with impunity for centuries and centuries, and who, they never dreamed, would have the audacity to question their sacred rights, was at last aroused from its state of lethargy to a

consciousness of its power and its rights. Like the ocean when lashed from a calm into a tempest, it became a resistless fury, a terror, a destruction which swept everything before it. In observing this gigantic struggle at which the world trembled and stood aghast, we are surprised to find the share taken by women; for they not only played an important part in this terrible drama, but they were the soul of the Revolution. They fought with the men, encouraged them with their words, and incited them by their deeds and example. They were foremost in the ranks at the taking of the Bastiles, and with their hands they helped to tear down that emblem of infancy and despotism. Also, one of the most brilliant intellects was a woman, I mean the bright and vivacious Madame Roland, wife of the French Minister of war. She used to do her husband's official correspondence, and Dumas tells how she would write a letter to the King with one stroke of the pen. She was opposed to Marie Antoinette and like the Queen she too lost her head. The Revolution had also its heroine, greater than whom none ever existed. Noble Charlotte Corday, young and beautiful, had everything, to live for; a lover that idealized her and afterwards worshipped her as a goddess. But a lover's sweet words were not for her; her aim was higher than personal happiness,—it was to give her life that others might live. Surely, if self-sacrifice leads to Nirvâna, then that sublime incarnation of unselfish love must have reached the goal. In the Eden Musee in New York, I saw the wax figure of Charlotte Corday. It is realistic, natural,

and life-like, representing her in the prison awaiting death at the guillotine. There she stands leaning on the window, her hands grasping its iron bars, as she looks wistfully out at the world she is so soon to leave forever. Her long, yellow hair hangs loosely over her shoulders and serves to set off her sad face, which reflects the spiritual beauty of the martyr. As I stood and looked at that angel of purity, my thoughts and ideas were taken away from our commercial age with its low and petty pursuits, to a nobler time when men lived and died for an ideal. I thought of France when her sons and daughters were the personification of freedom; when they thrilled the world by the magic words, *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*, when in the majesty of their strength they tore down the tyrants at home and threw down the gauntlet to the world; when their deeds stirred men's souls to their greatest depths. I thought of France when her peerless manhood was the glory of the world.

But the history of the Revolution is the history of the world in a more or less marked degree.

The American War of Independence and the present struggle of the Boers are all for the same end, freedom. Yet patriotism is only one phase of its manifestation. Not less intense is it when expressed in the wish of people to follow their own religious convictions. For that sake the martyrs gave their lives: the French Huguenots and the English Puritans gave up comfortable homes, friends, country, everything, to brave dangers and hardships in an unknown land,—all for the sake of religious free-

dom. I have heard it said, that the love of the sexes is man's strongest passion. Perhaps it is the strongest passion of the animal, whether human or beast, but of man,—of him who deserves that name,—the strongest is the love of freedom. The impulse for freedom is seen in all achievements, from the commonplace to the most intellectual. In the brilliant researches of science, knowledge is the aim, and knowledge brings freedom. Well may we ask, whence comes this universal desire for freedom? It must be that there is in man something essentially free, and that from this comes all inspiration for freedom. To the man of the world certain things are considered conducive to happiness, agreeable environments, money, friends, comforts, and all that tend to charm the senses. There is, however, a higher state than that which seeks happiness through the delights of the senses. The man who has caught a glimpse of that higher state knows that real happiness can only

be found in freedom, and freedom can never be found through sense gratification. He knows that sense pleasures are illusory, transitory,—joys of a day which end in misery : instead of bringing freedom they create new attachments, forge new links in the chain that binds him.

The philosopher who seeks freedom in his true nature, may be dragged in chains through the streets of cities or imprisoned in dungeons and yet know that *he* is free, for he knows that the Self is ever beyond all that can affect the body.

Real freedom can only come through the Knowledge of our Divine Nature. When by that Knowledge man realizes the real Self, then alone is he beyond all conditions and changes, beyond all pleasures and miseries, beyond all the powers within time, space and causation. For him Maya's veil is rent asunder and he stands forth radiant and glorious in his own nature.

MUMUKSHU

INDIA'S NEEDS

THE most vital question that puzzles the brain of our countrymen in these days is how to arrest the poverty of India. For it cannot be gainsaid that constant recurrence of famine has impoverished the masses, while demand for employment is so much out of proportion with the supply that our middle class men are swelling the rank of the famine-stricken population. Our young men every year come out of schools and colleges full of hopes, only to find them dissolve in thin air, on coming in actual contact with the world.

Various remedies have been proposed to alter this state of affairs, but unfortunately for India, no practical result has yet been achieved through the endeavours of our zealous patriots. These remedies generally propose to develop the industrial resources of the country.

It seems to us, however, that there are two courses open to lead us out of the difficulty :—

First, to educate the masses by establishing institutions similar to the Orphanage started at Murshidabad by Swami Akhandananda. It is very necessary to extend the

scope of this institution, and establish others to impart a free primary literary and industrial education to the poor and helpless through the length and breadth of the land.

Secondly, to organize our working classes and bring them under some such influence as that of the Rochdale Pioneers' Society. This Society originated under circumstances most simple, and yet it has produced most marvelous results in a little over half a century of its existence. In 1844, owing to great depression in the Flannel trade at Rochdale, the wages of the weavers were much reduced. To make up for the loss and hardship thus sustained, 28 of these poor weavers agreed to club together a small sum, in order to purchase tea and sugar from a wholesale shop, instead of from ordinary retail shops. By this arrangement, they derived two-fold advantages:—(1) they paid cheaper rates, and (2) they received unadulterated articles.

The success of the measure was so large that other labourers were attracted to join in the undertaking, and subscribe their savings. In 1856, the capital of the Society rose to £12,900, and the business was no longer confined to articles of grocery. Bread, meat, and clothing were all sold on the same plan, and the Society was enabled to erect expensive flour and other mills. In 1867, a building was erected at a cost of nearly £14,000 for the transaction of business.

In 1886, the Society had 10,984 members, the goods sold amounted to £2,46,031, and the profits derived were £31,075. The capital amounted to £3,48,900.

The business is conducted on the following principle. Each customer receives tin tickets or tallies to record the amount of his purchases, and at the end of each quarter, a fixed dividend at the rate of 5 per cent per annum is given to the share-holders, and the balance of the profits is distributed among

the customers in proportion to the amount of their purchases. Latterly, some further improvements were introduced, and a portion of the profits is now devoted to local educational and other charitable purposes. Thus in one year, the Society has paid £1,126 for purposes of education. The Society has opened 18 new rooms, provided with daily and weekly newspapers and magazines. Excellent reference and circulating libraries have also been formed, containing nearly 17,000 volumes. Classes have been started to teach science, languages, and technical arts, and there are more than 500 students, who derive the benefit thus afforded by the Society.

There are at present in England 884 Retail Co-operative Stores, working on the principles of the Rochdale Pioneers' Society, and such Stores have been established not only in large manufacturing towns, but also in a large number of agricultural villages*.

It may be asked how these measures can be worked out successfully in India.

In the first place, let our young men in schools and colleges, our Lawyers, Doctors, and clerks contribute such small sums as 2 annas annually; in the second place, let institutions similar to "self denial weeks", observed by some sections of the Christian community, be introduced, and our educated classes give away a week's saving in a year, by doing a little self-denial for such a short period, and thus start a fund in every city with which to open co-operative stores on the principles of the Rochdale Pioneers and devote the profits, like them, to the spread of education.

We do not see, why in this way, the same success will not be gained here, as has been achieved in other parts of the world.

ECONOMIST

*For fuller details on the working of the Rochdale and other co-operative stores, the reader is referred to Fawcett's "Manual of Political Economy".

A LEAF FROM SHIVAJI'S LIFE

(Concluded from page 75.)

FURTHER DISCLOSURES.

THE mysterious disappearance of Shivaji from the Delhi prison—by hiding himself in a basket containing sweetmeats—ran like wildfire and he, knowing that sentries would be sent in all directions, remained in disguise in the capital itself. Ram Sing helped Shivaji in his escape as an expiation of the treachery of his father, by whose complicity he had been captured. The rest of his adventure is known to the reader except that the child-sannyasin with him was his son Sambhaji, and the other two, the trusty followers from the days of his childhood—Tânâji Malusaray and Esâji Nikama.

Shivaji expected to return to his country by way of Orissa, after taking leave of the Brahman, but that was a lost hope now.

The good Brahman without being able to pierce through the mystery, laid upon himself the blame of having the Sannyasin imprisoned. His sorrow knew no bounds. He threw the bag of gold aside and sank into utter despair. Presently Tânâji appeared on the scene and the Brahman's pent-up sorrow overflowed. He was at a loss what to tell him when he would enquire of his master. Tânâji on the other hand, knowing the reason of his misery, consoled him and from the imperfect answers of the Brahman who was ignorant of the cause of the Sannyasin's arrest, did not get much enlightened on the subject.

THE SECRET OF SHIVAJI'S SELF-SURRENDER.

To recover perfectly from his wounds it would take a long time for him; on the other hand without his presence and guidance the foundation of the kingdom which he was laying, caring for no

trouble or danger to himself, would be shattered to its very base: this thought made the Mahratta hero very anxious. He remonstrated with his companions to return to their native land, to infuse courage and fortitude into the failing hearts of his devoted followers. They would not part with him in his enfeebled and helpless state, but when at last Shivaji got a little better and commanded them not to neglect their duty to the motherland for the sake of his insignificant life, they had to yield and obey.

From that time the good Brahman took his charge and nursed him. The day before Shivaji's arrest he could not get sufficient alms for their three selves even after seeking for it the whole day. What little he got, however, he served to his guest and mother and starved himself, without his usual cheerful heart failing him in the least. But this did not escape the vigilant eye of Shivaji. The thought that the Brahman had to starve for him, the Brahman who had been so good and kind to him, the Brahman who together with the sacred cow formed a chief factor in his religion and to remove whose sufferings he had pledged his life,—caused him intense agony and filled his noble heart with self-reproach. As he was brooding over how he could clear himself out of the heavy debt that he owed to the Brahman, an extraordinary means suggested itself to him and eased his heart.

Next morning he asked his host for ink, pen and paper and writing a letter requested the Brahman to take it to the Governor. The assertion made by some that Shivaji was totally illiterate is without foundation.

While writing the letter he passed through a terrible mental struggle. The thought of his duty to his motherland almost overpowered him and made him give up the idea of self-surrender. But he overcame it by thinking that if by the grace of God the evil days of his country were at an end, no power could prevent the ushering of a fitter man than himself into the field to protect the *Sanâtan-dharma*. The prophecy of the Mother Divine of the universe would surely fulfil itself. He would do the duty before him. The subsequent events are known to the reader.

THE RESCUE.

A quarter of the night is past. The Governor of Bengal has set out on his journey to Delhi with twenty-five armed horsemen, with Shivaji as prisoner in Samyasin's garb.

He left the capital secretly on the pretext of some urgent business, as he was anxious not to let a word about his strange luck out, lest any one might reap the advantage of conveying the glad news to the Emperor before his arrival. He could not give up the temptation of unexpectedly presenting before the Delhi throne the "mountain rat" as prisoner, whose capture again was wholly despaired of, and thus acquiring for himself heaps of honor and promotion from the Emperor. Ah, this happy dream was too good to be true!

For no sooner had they left the capital behind and entered the forest path than they were suddenly attacked by a band of fierce-looking Pathan robbers armed with swords, numbering about fifty. They were taken wholly by surprise. Needless to add, most of them fell by the swords of the marauders and the coward Shayesta Khan made good his escape at the first opportunity.

The leader of the robbers unfastened the chains of the prisoner and Shivaji marked the disappearance of the band at the signal of Tânâji dressed as a Pathan. Embracing each other they both shed tears of joy. Shivaji

was of course not a little astonished to see Tânâji at the head of such a party in such a place. Tânâji fell on his knees and said, "My Lord, forgive me for disobeying your orders. I was staying and watching the course of events in the city. It was owing solely to the help of the good Brahman, our host, that I have been able to accomplish your rescue. The Brahman gave over to me all the money which he received from Syestha Khan. He would have nothing to do with it. With a part of that money I formed this party. I saw you led as a prisoner by Syestha Khan and I would have gone mad if I had not come to the Brahman and been helped by him."

* * * * *

A month after the above incident the four Samyasins were wending their way south-westward leaving Puri behind them.*

VIRAJANANDA

THE FOUR WAYS.

"Take all my acts," the Worker said,
 "My painful tasks, my penance long :
 "To work for Thee, O make me strong !
 "Great Shiva, Let Thy Will be done !"

"Rule Thou this mind," the Mystic prayed,
 "These wandering thoughts unite in one :
 "Blend these twin breaths of Moon and Sun,
 "Lord Shiva, that Thy Kingdom come !"

"Give me not wealth," the Lover cried,
 "Give me not power, nor bliss above :
 "Give me Thyself, O Light ! O Love !
 "Oh Shiva, my Beloved One, come !"

The Knower silent sate, and prayed
 No boon from That One-Fount of Light,
 But pondered ever, day and night,
 "Om ! Shiva, Shiva, Shivo ham !"

MAITRANANDA.

*Adapted from *Bharati*.

WOMAN IN ANCIENT INDIA

(Continued from page 64.)

SAVITRI: Another national ideal of womanhood. She lived in the forest with her parents practising *Tapas* and *Vratas*. Respected by the Rishis she honoured and served her superiors. The embodiment and ideal of chastity and truth in word and deed, she was learned in the *Śrutis*, *Smritis* and other scriptures. Versed in the tenets of religion and in the ancient science of politics, Savitri by her lifelong practice of virtue and irresistible force of character radiant with the glow of spiritual fire, not only conquered Death himself and brought back from the house of death her departed husband but redeemed the lost kingdom of her father by the grace and blessings of Yama, the God of death. Her courage and bold front in the presence of one whose name is the dread of all, not less her words to him full of wisdom and highest truth bespeak her high spiritual attainments and growth. For want of space we refrain from quoting them here. (See Mahabharata, Vanaparva, Chaps. 293, 294, and Matsya Purana, Chaps. 212-214.)

(25) **KAIKEYI:** The wife of Dasaratha. It is stated that she saved the life of her husband by acting as his charioteer in a battle in which he was overpowered by enormous odds and pierced with arrows.

(26) **DAMAYANTI:** Daughter of the King Srinjaya and wife of Narada. She was very efficient in the science of music and well-versed in the codes of ethics and morality.

(27) **LOPAMUDRA:** Daughter of the king of Vidarva. She chose for her husband the hermit sage Agastya which choice her father approved. "When Agastya took her to his hermitage he asked her to throw away all her valuable raiments. So she of large eyes and

gracious mien putting off all those costly clothes and ornaments put on rags, barks of trees and deerskin and shared in the hardships and austerities of her husband." (Mahabharata, Vanaparva, Chap. 29.)

(28) **KUNDALA:** A great ascetic, and highly virtuous, she went to Devaloka by dint of her power. She instructed the king Kuvalayasva, the husband of her friend Madâlasâ, on the duties of the householder. (Markandeya Purana, Chap. 21.)

(29) **PATIBRATA—I:** Another ascetic who gave herself up to the life religious. She discussed with Anasua on the duties of woman (Ibid, Chap. 16.)

(30) **PATIBRATA—II:** Her story occurs in the Mahabharata. She was what her name implies, devoted to her husband and to the service of the gods, guests and the household, and of such purity of mind that she became all-knowing. It is told that the Brahman ascetic Kaushiki versed in the Vedas and Vedanta was one day chanting aloud the Veda mantras under a tree in the forest, when a crane messed on his head. Full of rage he looked up and the crane fell down dead on the ground. The Brahman, however, was afflicted at this mishap and repented for his hasty act. After a while he came to the town and asked for alms at the door of Patibrata, who told him to wait awhile, as her husband had just arrived home hungry and tired, and she was engaged in looking after his comforts. The conceited Brahman taking this delay as an insult got angry and was going to curse the excellent lady when she appeared before him with offerings and administered unto him a snub, saying, "I am not a crane, O Brahman and Ascetic, forego your

anger, what can it do unto me. You must forgive me when I say that I do not regard service unto the Brahmans or the Devas higher than the duty to my husband which I consider the highest, though I am thoroughly convinced of the power and greatness of the Brahmans. This strict observance of my duty, as you understand, has brought me the power of omniscience." Then she taught him the qualifications of a Brahman and what a true Brahman was like, which betrays unmistakable signs of her deep knowledge of the *Srutis* and other scriptures. We quote below a few of her utterances. "O good Brahman, anger is the enemy of all mortals. Him the Devas know to be a Brahman who forsakes anger and delusion, who always speaks the truth and pleases his Guru; who

does not return evil for evil, who has conquered his senses, who is virtuous, clean in body and mind, and devoted to studying the sacred books; who has controlled lust and anger, who looks upon all beings as his own self, who is thoughtful and knows in what consists virtue; who practises all religious injunctions, who himself teaches knowledge to others or causes the same to be taught, who himself performs the sacred rites or causes the same to be done. The religion immortal is inscrutable, it is established in truth, &c." She wound up with the advice to him to go to Mithila and learn Dharma from the butcher Dharmabyadha who resided there. (*Mahabharata*, Vanaprava, Chap. 205.)

(*To be continued.*)

VIRAJANANDA.

THE HOLY SAINT JOSAPHAT OF INDIA

THE May number of *The Open Court* reproduces from the Hon. Andrew D. White's *History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom*, an interesting account of the circumstances connected with the canonisation of Buddha as a Christian saint, under the above heading.

Attention was strongly drawn to the resemblances of sundry fundamental ideas in Christianity with those of Buddhism, by the discoveries in Sanscrit philology made by Sir William Jones, Carey, Wilkins, Foster, Colebrooke. Later researches in the same field by Bopp, Burnouf, Lassen, Max Muller and others showed more clearly the sources from which many of these ideas were developed. Noteworthy in the progress of this knowledge was the work of Fathers Huc and Gabet who disguised as Lamas penetrated into the chief seats of Buddhism in Thibet and finally brought to the notice of the world the amazing similarity of the ideas, institutions &c., of the Buddhists to those of their own church.

"Yet there came more significant discoveries. For now was brought to light by literary research the irrefragable evidence that the great Buddha—Sakya Muni himself—had been canonised and enrolled among the Christian saints whose intercession may be invoked, and in whose honor images, altars, and chapels may be erected; and this, not only by the usage of the mediæval Church, Greek and Roman, but by the special and infallible sanction of a long series of popes, from the end of the sixteenth century to the end of the nineteenth—a sanction granted under one of the most curious errors in human history. The story enables us to understand the way in which many of the beliefs of Christendom have been developed, especially how they have been influenced from the seats of older religions; and it throws much light into the character and exercise of papal infallibility.

"Early in the seventh century there was composed, as is now believed, at the Convent of St. Saba near Jerusalem, a pious romance

entitled *Barlaam and Josaphat*—the latter personage, the hero of the story, being represented as a Hindu prince converted to Christianity by the former.

“This story, having been attributed to St. John of Damascus in the following century, became amazingly popular, and was soon accepted as true: it was translated from the Greek original not only into Latin, Hebrew, Arabic, and Ethiopic, but into every important European language, including even Polish, Bohemian, and Icelandic. Thence it came into the pious historical encyclopædia of Vincent of Beauvais, and, most important of all, into the *Lives of the Saints*.

“Hence the name of its pious hero found its way into the list of saints whose intercession is to be prayed for, and it passed without challenge until about 1590, when, the general subject of canonisation having been brought up at Rome, Pope Sixtus V., by virtue of his infallibility and immunity against error in everything relating to faith and morals, sanctioned a revised list of saints, authorising and directing it to be accepted by the Church; and among those on whom he thus forever infallibly set the seal of Heaven was included ‘*The Holy Saint Josaphat of India* whose wonderful acts St. John of Damascus has related.’ The 27th of November was appointed as the day set apart in honor of this saint, and the decree, having been enforced by successive popes for over two hundred and fifty years, was again officially approved by Pius IX. in 1873. This decree was duly accepted as infallible, and in one of the largest cities of Italy may to-day be seen a Christian church dedicated to this saint. On its front are the initials of his Italianised name; over its main entrance is the inscription ‘*Divo Josafat*’; and within it is an altar dedicated to the saint—above this being a pedestal bearing his name and supporting a large statue which represents him as a youth-

ful prince wearing a crown and contemplating a crucifix.

“Moreover, relics of this saint were found; bones alleged to be parts of his skeleton, having been presented by a Doge of Venice to a King of Portugal, are now treasured at Antwerp.

“But even as early as the sixteenth century a pregnant fact regarding this whole legend was noted: for the Portuguese historian Diego Conto showed that it was identical with the legend of Buddha. Fortunately for the historian his faith was so robust that he saw in this resemblance only a trick of Satan; the life of Buddha being, in his opinion, merely a diabolic counterfeit of the life of Josaphat centuries before the latter was lived or written—just as good Abbé Huc saw in the ceremonies of Buddhism a similar anticipatory counterfeit of Christian ritual.

“There the whole matter virtually rested for about three hundred years—various scholars calling attention to the legend as a curiosity, but none really showing its true bearings—until, in 1859, Laboulaye in France, Liebrecht in Germany, and others following them, demonstrated that this Christian work was drawn almost literally from an early biography of Buddha, being conformed to it in the most minute details, not only of events but of phraseology; the only important changes being that, at the end of the various experiences showing the wretchedness of the world, identical with those ascribed in the original to the young Prince Buddha, the hero, instead of becoming a hermit, becomes a Christian, and that for the appellation of Buddha—‘Bodisat’—is substituted the more scriptural Josaphat.

“Thus it was that, by virtue of the infallibility vouchsafed to the papacy in matters of faith and morals, Buddha became a Christian saint.”

THE POOR MEN'S RELIEF ASSOCIATION, BENARES

WE have in our country many charitable institutions which though intended by their generous founders to be efficient agencies of relieving the suffering and the distressed, often fail of their purpose for want of sympathy and discrimination on the part of those who are entrusted with their direct management. The result is that those alone who can help themselves reap the blessings of such institutions, while those who are completely incapacitated by disease, old age or starvation and who are therefore the fittest objects of organised charity, are left to their own fate. In Benares where people cluster from all parts of India to await merciful death, many without any resources to fall back upon in times of need, it is not a very uncommon sight that a few people should now and again lie helpless in the streets gasping for breath, with no one to moisten their parched lips or fan off the flies from their faces. Benares therefore is one of the holy places in India which needs most the services of such men as are willing to *search out* and minister to the needs of helpless sufferers. It is therefore a most happy thing that such workers have been found in the members of the Poor Men's Relief Association of that city. About a year ago a few Brahmacharins taking Sri Ramakrishna as their Ideal organised themselves into a body for relieving the destitute. Their self-sacrificing labors gradually drew the admiration of the general public of Benares and won the sympathy and co-operation of many of the leading people, among whom the names of Rai Pramadas Mitra Bahadur, the Hon'ble Munshi Madho Lal and Babu Govinda Das, occur as office-bearers of the Association.

"To help them with food who die of starva-

tion, to carry medical help to the houses of those who can ill afford to procure them, to nurse them who require nursing, to carry those to hospitals who are willing to go there and maintain them there if necessary, and last of all, as far as funds permit, to give them a shelter who are utterly homeless,"—these are the different ways in which the Association is carrying on its relief operations.

The Association has recently issued an appeal for help from which we quote the following lines :

"It needs no mentioning that such an attempt in order to be effective requires not a small source of income. But the Association is confident that every effort in this direction cannot but have the support of the generous hearted public. It therefore appeals to them with the hope that the claims of suffering humanity will not go unrecognised by their brethren. A gift in any shape either cash or in kind, nay even a handful of rice will be most thankfully received."

It would be a thousand pity if the Association could not extend its operations further than what is possible with its present limited funds, for want of public support.

Contributions may be sent to the Manager of this paper or direct to the Treasurer of the Association, Babu Mokshada Das Mitra, Mpl. Comr. &c., who will duly acknowledge them by receipts.

We all seek Happiness, but a well-ordered mind cannot enjoy real happiness while others are miserable. So, in helping others into a condition where they may be happy, we are working to establish and perpetuate conditions that are essential to our own happiness. The act itself brings its own reward.—*Nequa*.

BY THE WAY

IN spite of their wonderful achievement in the domain of spirituality, the sages of ancient India were no better than babes in their knowledge of physical and other natural sciences. And the trend of the nation's culture has got into such a deep rut that in the immense interval which has lapsed between those days and the present, there has hardly been a single record of progress in the latter direction. It is due to this sad lack of all-sided growth that India in the past has fallen an easy prey to every foreign enemy, and in the present unable to help herself out of the chronic grinding poverty notwithstanding the many benefits conferred her by the British rule,—say our friendly critics.

WE admit the charge and appreciate the force of their observation. Perhaps if India gained as much in the physical sciences as she did in the spiritual, she would not have been what she is, so far as her material prosperity is concerned. We are satisfied that the cultivation of science and arts by her sons to a greater and greater extent, is the one thing needful to raise the material condition of India. We are also satisfied that this will be done. In fact the work of making the breach good has not only begun, but considerable progress has been made; so that the question of achieving the end is now only a question of time. And we doubt not, when this end has been reached, when India is great in science and

arts and prosperous in the goods of this world once more, her spirituality will be greater proportionately.

BUT with all this, we cannot suppress a lurking doubt. Would it have been better for India,—would her gain have been greater, if our forefathers had not bestowed their best energy on spirituality alone, as they did?

THE atmosphere they created was so intensely earnest and alive that no genius, or a man or woman above the average, could escape the consequence of its magnetic touch. Directly one was developed enough to be able to extricate oneself from the eddy of ordinary life and stand by and watch, directly one learnt to question 'the why' of it, the utter worthlessness of phenomenal existence and the gospel of the Only Reality entered into his mind. It would be rational to immerse in the sweets of the senses and sleep in the enchanted arms of ever-youthful desire, if there were any consanguinity between oneself and them: for then alone could the tie last and result in happiness. How could the association of two antagonistic elements as water and fire be productive of harmony? Smoke, so long as life lasts, or death can be the only issue of such an union. If man were matter or its modification, his identification with the phenomenal world would not have been unnatural. But he is neither matter, nor

its product. He is the Infinite, Self-effulgent, Absolute Atman, temporarily forgetful of his own true secondless nature, which is Bliss itself. How could his identification with matter, the mortal, phenomenal, relative, finite shadow of his own Being be either natural, lasting or productive of any good?

WHAT is the life, the motive power, of the whole Universe? The unconscious quest of Bliss. Why then foolishly run after the mirage to quench your thirst, while the water of eternal life is within you? The life eternal is not in mortal matter. Give up then the folly of seeking for it without you. This outgoing tendency has created the senses. Control this tendency, and when the consciousness will gain its equilibrium, its normal state, by the healing up of the sense-wounds, what you are seeking for, you will realise as yourself.

ONCE granted that man is that One Self masquerading in the magic hall of Maya, we can understand what the rigorous logic of Vedanta would drive one to. Nothing foreign can be permanently combined with one, nothing unnatural can last. *Be natural then.* That is the goal of evolution. That is Bliss. And can there be greater folly than the eternal vain attempt to combine with an antagonistic element though it entails infinite pain, while the mere ceasing from this attempt restores one's own true nature, which is Bliss itself?

HOW could a rational being living in this thought-atmosphere do otherwise than had been done by the ancient Aryas?

How could one set about constructing a pleasure yacht when one knows the only body of water one can use is a mirage? And with Mother Nature exceedingly considerate in her seasons and bounteous to the extreme in her yield of variety of fruit and corn, and a social system giving the highest honour to the *Tyagi*, no blame could be attached to the intellectual classes of those days for inattention to the claims of material science, as the necessity of its culture was yet to arise.

WE ask therefore, is there any choice between this gain of gains, the gain of Self, the discovery of Self-knowledge and progress in material science? Would one, for instance, be the gainer in having the full knowledge of modern science and the benefits accruing therefrom in exchange of the realised Self-knowledge of the Rishis? Need we answer this question? Let us certainly have material science and its benefits, but most assuredly not at the cost of the only jewel we possess—that it is worth man's while to possess.

THOUGH as knowledge advances, unaccountable and seemingly supernatural facts are brought into the category of facts that are accountable or natural; yet, at the same time, all accountable or natural facts are proved to be in their ultimate genesis unaccountable and supernatural. And so there arise two antithetical states of mind, answering to the opposite sides of that existence about which we think. While our consciousness of Nature under the one aspect constitutes Science, our consciousness of it under the other aspect constitutes Religion.—*Herbert Spencer.*

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, Prabuddha Bharata.

SIR,

It is proposed to publish in the Vernaculars short but correct accounts of those pioneers of wealth and industry in Europe and America who have so largely contributed to the well-being of their respective communities, along with accounts of the careers of those Indians who have risen to wealth and position by their own efforts and have devoted a portion of their time and money to the service of their country. The work will describe their early struggles and how they conquered them, the position they ultimately attained to in life, and the use they made of their opportunities for public good. It will also attempt to give as far as possible their views upon the right methods of earning wealth and the use which ought to be made of it. It is hoped that at the present time when the struggle for existence is becoming so keen in India and every

one is in search of a career, a book like this will afford useful hints as well as stimulate rightly directed efforts for the purpose. On the other hand our capitalists and men of position will also find in it hints as to how they could best use their opportunities for the service of their country. I have already collected some material for western countries as well as for India, but require much more to make the book complete and exhaustive. May I therefore ask your readers to help in giving me the names, addresses and if possible brief but correct accounts of the lives and careers of those Indians of their acquaintance, whether living or dead, who ought to find a place in a book like this. Hoping you will kindly publish this in your journal as well as approve of the idea.

Yours faithfully,

BAIJNATH,

Judge, Small Cause Court and
General Secretary, Vaishya Maha Sabha.

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